

PRESS SONG.

They whirl and clash, through the nights
and days.
The musical looms of thought;
And in and out, through a thousand ways,
The flashing threads are brought,
Their swift purveyors part and meet,
On rail and ship, on mart and street,
With thrills of brain, with hurrying feet,
As the endless web is wrought.

They may not pause when the sun is high,
Nor rest when the light is low;
For while men live, and act, and die,
The world flies to and fro.
It leaps the sea, it spans the plain;
On throbbing wire and mighty chain,
It runs like fire from main to main,
That the world may see and know.

While all men sleep, they whirl and clash,
The terrible looms of light;
On eyes that wake shall tell the message flash,
From far beyond the night;
And songs in the under world begun
Shall touch our lips ere day is done;
For space is nought, and the earth's atone,
Linked by the word's swift flight.

Man calls to man, and not in vain,
The cry to his ear is brought;
All love, and labor, and hope, and pain
Into each soul is wrought.
Work on, ye processes, at life's behest,
For light far spread, and for wrong re-
pressed.

Yet time is ended, ye may not rest,
Ye marvelous looms of thought!
—Marion Couthoury Smith, in Argosy.

THE DEATH OF PRINCE BRANCOVAN.

By "CAROL STINE" (H. S. Jones of Romania).
Copyright, 1908.

It was in the year 1714. Constantin Brancovan had been governing for a length of time as voivod of Wallachia. He was nearly 60 years old; a wise prince, and much beloved by his people. Four handsome sons had been born to him, who were the pride of his house, and the consolation of his old age.

Revered in these noble princes his own youth, Prince Brancovan and his wife, with their daughter, Princess Roxandra, lived a simple, uneventful life in their capital city of Bucharest. The people looked upon the prince as their father, and he justified this attitude by the pains he took to make his rule a blessing to them.

In these days there does not remain any trace of the insecurity in which the inhabitants of the two principalities then lived, and which compelled them to conceal their treasures in wooden coffers, which, covered with carpets and the richest Turkish stuffs, formed part of the furniture of a chamber, and were capable of easy removal to a place of safety when their enemies, the Turks, made a raid into the country.

Prince Constantin Brancovan had long grown distrustful to the sultan because of his wise and noble character, and of his having made himself beloved by all his subjects. He had also accumulated vast wealth, and had caused gold pieces to be coined; this was looked upon as an act of insubordination to his suzerain.

There were certain individuals at the court willing enough to aggravate the anger of the sultan, and amongst these was a Greek doctor who had presumed to fall in love with the beautiful Princess Roxandra.

With his courteous ways and knowledge of men and countries, he found favor with the four young princes, and accomplished his desire of being near and again with the Princess Roxandra herself. What had at first been merely a passing whim now became the necessity of his being, and the Greek passionately resolved that, in spite of her rank and his nationality, the princess should be his.

At last, having done all that he could to further ingratiate himself with Prince Brancovan, the Greek approached the question. He dwelt upon his wealth (which he had taken care to give an appearance of during his stay in the capital), his influence with the Turks, his desire to see Wallachia freed from her bondage, and, unfortunately, beginning a nobler future. Then he touched upon his personal hopes, but he had hardly expressed himself before the prince interposed. Haughtily and emphatically he declared it impossible for such a request even to be considered. And when the Greek pressed his suit, Prince Brancovan, usually so calm, grew angry, and summarily dismissed his visitor. That was the end of the Greek's hopes, but not of his designs. He had, in his selfish desires, pretended to be what he was not, and he was no sooner out of Prince Brancovan's presence than he began to think of revenge. He at once removed to Constantinople and sought all means of ingratiating himself with the sultan. He was to serve and flatter that he soon became a prime favorite, and then, with subtle cunning, he commenced a systematic persecution of Brancovan. He represented himself to the sultan as a friend of Turkey and anxious that the provinces over which she possessed suzerainty should be under more effective control than was the case at present. He proceeded to relate that he had visited Wallachia in order to ascertain the opinions of the people and their ruler with regard to Turkey; and then repeated parts of conversations he had had with Prince Brancovan, taking care to magnify the prince's patriotic expressions into threats against his suzerain. He also told the sultan that vast stores of gold had been accumulated by the prince, and that there was little doubt but that this was to be devoted to the raising of an army when the time should be ripe for the Wallachians to rebel, also that the prince was conducting regular and secret correspondence with some of the neighboring states. The unfortunate prince was speedily taken prisoner, as well as his wife, their beautiful daughter, his four sons, and

his nephew and Prime Minister Vucarescu.

It was just before Easter tide that the prisoners were forcibly dragged to Constantinople, and cast into the prison of the Seven Towers. This famous prison is situated at the end of the land wall of Constantinople, where it meets the Sea of Marmora. Many and harrowing are the tales of mystery and bloodshed associated with its ancient walls. This was the place to which Brancovan, his sons and nephew, were conducted, and in which they were immured until the following August. Brancovan and Vucarescu were put to the most excruciating torture in order to compel them to confess where they had concealed their accumulated riches, for the Turks had not found as much gold as they expected, although they searched for and destroyed everything wherein they thought it might have been hidden.

Brancovan had sent part of his large fortune to Venice, but he would not reveal the fact, in spite of all the terrible tortures to which he was subjected, and which are described by one of his secretaries as being so atrocious as to make one's hair stand on end simply to read the account. At length the Turks understood that they had nothing more to gain from the prince, and bade him prepare for immediate death. On hearing this, Brancovan summoned his sons to his presence, and said to them:

"My children, our fortunes are lost, our lives are about to be sacrificed, but we must not lose our precious souls! Be brave, my beloved ones, fear not death; you know what Christ suffered for our sake, and what a cruel death he endured! I pray you remain steadfast in your faith, flinch not at all in the face of the world." The four handsome youths stood respectfully before their father, bareheaded, and listened to his words. Each in turn kissed his hand, and he looked with dimmed eyes upon these his sons who were the pride of his life, the hope of his house, and whom he was now exhorting to die as Christians should. When he came to his youngest son, who was still a child, his eyes overflowed with tears. Soon footsteps were heard in the adjoining room; a Pasha entered, and bade them all accompany him to the presence of the sultan.

The aged prince soon stood before his suzerain. "Brancovan," said the latter, "is this true which I hear of thee, that thou wouldst throw off thy allegiance, and declare the independence of thy principality? Say, is it true that thou hast even dared to coin money from thy own gold? Thou art fearless as if thou wert thy own master! What hast thou to plead in justification?" "Whether I have governed well or ill, God above is the best judge; but if I were once a power on the earth, I rest now to what ignominy I am reduced!" replied the captive prince with dignity. "Brancovan, measure thy words; thou and thine are condemned to death; not one of thy rebellious tribe shall escape his doom!" "As God wills it; our lives are in your hands."

The populace crowded to witness the executions. Brancovan looked calmly down on the multitude; amongst them he recognized the princess, his wife, and their daughter Roxandra, whom the Turks in their refinement of savage cruelty had compelled to witness the terrible spectacle. The prince's face darkened as the Muezzin—or Turkish priest—advanced, and after making the usual three salaams, thus addressed him:

"My master, we have an ancient custom here, to the effect that a condemned prisoner may be pardoned if he be willing to change his religion, and embrace our holy Mahomedan faith."

Then the sultan called in a loud voice, "Brancovan, renounce thy dog-like Christian belief, thou and thy sons, embrace that of our own, and then shall ye all go forth free!" "Better that we should deny our sacred religion," was the undaunted reply. "Then must ye all prepare for death," said the sultan, frowning, and gave orders that Vucarescu should be the first on whom the soldiers should lay their hands.

"Become one of our followers, forsake thy master, live, be rich and happy," said the Muezzin to him.

"A Vucarescu does not betray his prince or his church!" said the ex-minister proudly, and, bowing his head, he was instantly recaptured.

The officials then seized on the third son of the prince, a haughty youth, with eyes full of fire and hair black as the raven's wing.

"Deny thy faith, and I will spare thee," said the sultan.

"Do not insult me by speaking thus," said the boy, and kneeling down, his head was severed from his body, and rolled to his father's feet!

The old man sighed heavily, and his long beard trembled, as he said: "Lord, thy will be done!"

The sultan then pointed to the second son, who fell imploringly at his father's feet. The prince grew pale with fear, lest his son should fall him, but the latter, blushing, raised his penetrating eyes to those of his father and said:

"I, alone, of all thy children, have caused thee trouble and vexation through my wayward heart and my quick blood. I cannot go to sleep, the sleep of eternity without kissing thy hand, and craving thy pardon!"

The old man's face again grew pained, and fervently blessing his kneeling son, he said:

"At this very hour every fault is expiated! thou art going to God." The young man bared his neck before the yataghan of the executioner, while the eldest son, whose manly face was set off by a heavy beard, looked at his brother's corpse, and burst into violent tears.

On perceiving this the sultan cried:

"Forsake thy religion! I see that life is sweet to thee, embrace our faith, be free, be happy!"

The young Brancovan did not seem to hear these words, but took from his vest an icon—a sacred image—which he wore next to his heart, and holding it out said:

"If any among ye here have pity upon me, let him send this holy icon to my dear young wife. It will be consolation to her until the hour of her death."

Not a hand was raised to take the holy jewel, and casting it on the ground, and crushing it with his foot, he exclaimed: "So sanctified a relic shall not be defiled by your Pagan touch!"

Kneeling down he kissed the remnants of the broken icon, and signed to the executioner to do his work.

Prince Brancovan sighed once more deeply, but said again: "Good Lord, Thy will be done!"

Then the sultan called:

"Brancovan, a single child now only remains to thee! Reflect before thou sacrificest him also!"

The prince looked on the form of his delicate boy, on his wife below, who had fainted and was happily still insensible, on his beautiful daughter who was choking with convulsive sobs, and after making the sign of the cross again said:

"The Lord's will be done!" "Child!" cried the sultan, "If thou wilt embrace our faith, thou shalt live and be happy!"

The boy's soft eyes sought those of his father, as if to gain strength and courage.

"I die willingly, my father," he said, in a firm tone. "It is true that I am young, but I am of thy race!"

And shortly his youthful head, crowned with rich dark curls, was severed from his body.

Then, and then only, did the old man's strength fail him, as he fell on his knees and kissed the headless corpse.

At length he rose in great fury and cursed his enemies, crying out: "Pagans! you have slain my four sons! May God destroy you and yours, may He wipe you all from the face of the earth! May you have no ground in which to be buried and may your souls never know peace or rest!"

The sultan and his servants were so highly incensed at this anathema that they tore off his vestments in shreds—it is even said that they tore the skin from his flesh, the while calling him: "Ghoul! Dog of a Christian!"

Brancovan raised his voice for the last time:

"You can cut my flesh into morsels, nevertheless Constantin Brancovan dies a faithful Christian. Though for saken, and abandoned by all, he will rest in Christ Jesus!"

The yataghan of the executioner closed his early career.

Then the grandchild of the old prince—who had hidden himself in a woman's skirts—was perceived by the executioner, who caught him, and holding him up by his hair, cried:

"Is this one to remain alive, or shall he follow his elders?"

At this moment a woman bent her way through the crowd, and holding up a child high in her arms, said: "Stay your hand! that is my child, this one is Brancovan's grandson!"

It was the nurse who heroically gave her own offspring to save the last remaining princely heir! She witnessed unflinchingly the sacrifice of her child clasped the other one to her breast and vowing a holy vow, she fled with him. After some time had elapsed the widows of these unfortunate princes were set at liberty, and withdrew to Venice. They did not return to their own country for many years. One of Brancovan's daughters, Domnita Balascha, was so deeply impressed by their misfortunes that she retired to a monastery, and would receive no part of her share of the vast inheritance which had produced such dire misfortune to her family.

She caused the fine Brancovan hospital at Bucharest to be erected, and an almshouse for decayed gentlemen, as well as a very beautiful church, which to this day bears the name of Domnita Balascha.

Aquit.

Voltaire, when on his estate of Ferney, was fond of assuming the air of nobility, and displayed a most philosophical hatred of poachers. One luckless fellow was caught and brought before him. Voltaire determined to try him according to law, and took his seat as judge, directing his secretary to act as counsel for the prisoner. The advocate made a long speech in favor of the culprit and stopped suddenly.

"Why do you hesitate?" asked Voltaire. "I wish to read a passage from a volume in your library." He procured the book and silently turned its leaves. Voltaire became impatient and demanded the cause of his silence.

"Well," answered the secretary, "I have been looking for the word 'humanity,' and I see you have omitted it." Voltaire thought the argument so forcible that he set the poacher free.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Unlikely.

This is a lawyer's story of his first trial in which a farmer accused his neighbor of stealing his ducks. The lawyer was employed by the accused to convince the court that such was not the case. The plaintiff was positive that his neighbor was guilty of the offense charged, because he had seen his ducks in the defendant's yard.

"How do you know they were your ducks?" asked the lawyer. "I should know my ducks anywhere," replied the farmer, giving a description of their various peculiarities whereby he could distinguish them. "Why," said the lawyer, "those ducks cannot be of such rare breed. I have seen some just like them in my own yard." "That's not at all unlikely," admitted the farmer, "for they are not the only ducks I have had stolen lately."—Detroit Free Press.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in International Series for December 18, 1898.—The Captivity of Judah.—Jeremiah 52:1-11.

[Arranged from Peloubet's Select Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye search for me with all your heart.—Jer. 29:13.

THE SECTION includes the story of the fall of Jerusalem; 2 Kings 24:18-25:30; 2 Chron. 36:1-21; Jer. 52:1-10; 52:1-10.

TIME.—Jerusalem was destroyed B. C. 586 (or 587). The struggle against the Babylonians continued about 20 years (585-565).

PLACE.—1. Jerusalem, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, according to Thucydides. 2. Babylon, 20 miles north of Jerusalem, at the base of Lebanon, at the junction where the great road from the east parts, one southwestward to Tyre, along the coast, the other southward to Palestine and Egypt.

LESSON COMMENT.

I. The First Captivity. The Beginning of the End. Jehoiakim's Reign.—This took place in the fourth year of Jehoiakim (605-4 B. C.) by Nebuchadnezzar and his Babylonian army (Jer. 25:1, 18; 2 Kings 24:1; Dan. 1:1). It was at this time that Daniel and his friends were carried captive to Babylon (Dan. 1:1-6), and from this date is to be counted the 70 years of captivity foretold by Jeremiah (25:9-12; 29:10). The captivity began at different points and had various endings.

II. The Period of Rest.—For seven or eight years, during the remainder of Jehoiakim's reign of 11 years (2 Kings 24:1). Jehoiakim was a vassal of Nebuchadnezzar during this time. It was an opportunity for repentance; the Lord was slow to anger and abundant in mercies, desiring that the people be saved.

III. The Second Captivity.—Jehoiachin's reign (B. C. 597). Jehoiachin was the son of Jehoiakim, and began to reign when 18 years old. He reigned only three months. He seems to have rebelled against Babylon, for Nebuchadnezzar again came with his army and besieged Jerusalem, captured the city and sent a great amount of treasures from the palace and the temple to Babylon, with 10,000 of the more important of the people (2 Kings 24:10-16). Among these were the prophet Ezekiel (Ezek. 1:1, 2), and the great-grandfather of Mordecai, Queen Esther's cousin (Esther 2:5, 6), and King Jehoiakim himself, who lay in prison at Babylon for 37 years before he was released.

IV. Another Period of Rest. Zedekiah's Reign.—A. D. 596. Nine years. Zedekiah was the uncle of Jehoiachin and half brother of Jehoiakim. Zedekiah was a man not so much bad at heart as weak in will.

3. "For through the anger of the Lord it," the evil courses of Zedekiah, "came to pass." The sin was so deep seated and the sinner so determined on his sin that there was nothing to do but to let it work itself out and bring its own ruin and punishment. That, rather, and "Zedekiah rebelled against the king of Babylon." Sin is always weakness and blindness. Thus Zedekiah's sins led him to blindly and foolishly rebel.

V. The Third Captivity. The Great Siege and Destruction of Jerusalem.—The siege lasted a year and a half (Jer. 52:7). 4. "In the ninth year . . . tenth month." Last of December, B. C. 588. "Nebuchadnezzar." This correct spelling of Nebuchadnezzar. "And all his army." A great host (Kings). "Pitched against it." Surrounded it with their armies to prevent all provisions from entering and to starve it to death.

6. "Fourth month." June-July, B. C. 586. "The famine was sore." For the horrors of this siege see Lamentations. Mothers were at last driven to murder and eat their children.

The City Taken.—7. "The city was broken up." Broken into. A breach was made in the walls at midnight, according to Josephus. "The gate (on the north) between the two walls" of Mounts Moriah and Zion, down the Tyropean valley. This path came out in "the king's garden," which was laid out near Siloam in the broad space formed by the junction of the Hinnom and Kidron valleys, at the southeast corner of the city. "Now the Chaldeans were by the city round about." This is mentioned so as to explain how escape was possible. The attack of the Chaldeans was of necessity from the north, where the city was least defended, while the steep sides of the south, east and southwest were left comparatively free. The Jewish people fled southward by the way of the plain, toward the mouth of the Jordan and the head of the Dead sea. The temple, the palace, the houses of the nobles, were deliberately set on fire.

VI. The Fate of King Zedekiah.—Vs. 8-11. 8. "The Chaldeans . . . overtook Zedekiah," and all his soldiers and friends deserted him.

9. "To Riblah." See "Place." "Gave judgment upon him;" i. e., brought him to trial as a common criminal, not as a king, because he had repudiated his most solemn oath of allegiance and been a secret traitor to the king who had placed him on the throne (2 Kings 24:20; 2 Chron. 36:13).

10. "Slew the sons of Zedekiah before his eyes." The punishment of Zedekiah was doubly cruel: first, his being made to witness the execution of his own sons, and then his being deprived of sight, so that the last scenes impressed upon him would be the death agonies of his children.

11. "Put out the eyes of Zedekiah." This blinding of captives was a common Assyrian practice.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The great lesson to be learned from this destruction of Jerusalem is God's persistent and constant effort to prevent it.

God uses even bad men as instruments for disciplining His people. Nebuchadnezzar is said to be God's tool. His ax for cutting down the tree of Judah, His rod for punishing and disciplining His people.

We learn a good lesson from the forced repentance of some of the nobles. It proved useless, because it was not from the heart.

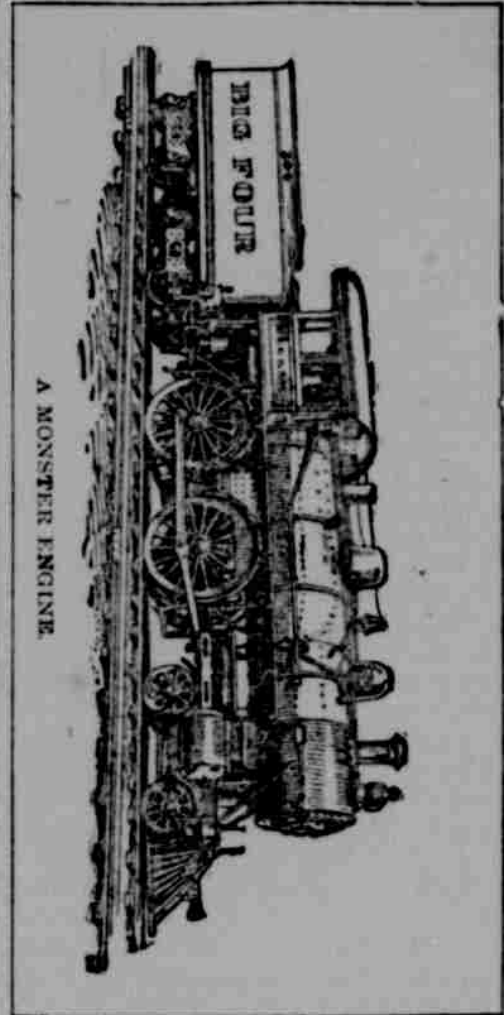
MAMMOTH LOCOMOTIVES.

Said to Be the Largest, Fastest and Most Powerful Passenger Engines in the West.

In these days of great things in the line of motors and rapid transit, anything relating to steam locomotives, especially when out of the common in strength and proportions, is of general interest. It seems the Big Four system has recently received from the builders four eight-wheel passenger locomotives to haul their fast trains. These engines are claimed to be in every respect models of their kind, and are probably the largest, fastest, most powerful and best-looking passenger engines in this part of the country, and are a credit to the management and their designer, Mr. William Garstang, superintendent of motive power of the Big Four and the Schenectady locomotive works, their builders.

The engines are now in service between St. Louis and Cleveland, on the fastest and heaviest trains, making the time and doing it easier than was ever accomplished before on this run.

In designing these engines it was necessary to make a machine combin-



ing great power with high speed and easy running, avoiding all jerk to the train and unnecessary strain on the track. This has been accomplished to such an extent that both engine and tender, while at the highest speed, ride with the greatest steadiness and so soft and easy a motion that the engineers claim not to be at all tired at the end of their run.

These machines stand 13 feet high from top of rail to top of cab, and 9 feet 9½ inches to center of boiler, which with driving wheels 75 inches and truck and tender wheels 36 inches in diameter, show trim and powerful, without an unnecessary pipe or rod to mar their symmetry.

The material used in the construction of these machines is the finest of its kind, and the greatest care was exercised in both the tests and workmanship to insure every part being perfect.

Some of the principal dimensions are as follows:

Weight, 130,000 pounds; cylinders, 20x26 inches; boiler diameter, 62 inches; tubes, diameter, 2 inches; tubes, number of, 320; fire box width 41 inches; fire box length, 108 inches; working pressure, 200 pounds; tender water capacity, 5,000 gallons; tender coal capacity, 10 tons; tender trucks, pressed steel.

Facts of Real Interest.

Racing pigeons is Belgium's national pastime.

Italy's annual olive output yields \$120,000,000.

China exported 35,000,000 pounds of tea the past season.

Edwin Clawston, the owner of an ostrich farm in South Pasadena, Cal., has succeeded in hatching ostrich eggs with an incubator. The process takes 40 days.

The hours of work in the Calcutta jute mills are from 4:30 a. m. to 9 p. m., or 16½ hours per day, Saturdays included, and all repairs and cleaning of machinery have to be done on Sundays.

Llamas are the chief freight carriers in central Peru. The usual load for an animal is about 100 pounds. If you put upon his back more than he can easily carry he quietly kneels and will not budge until the load is reduced.

In Burmese schools making the lad about is the approved method of elementary instruction. The Burmese educationists argue that so long as a boy is shouting his mind is occupied. When he is silent he is certain to be scheming mischief. Therefore the best shouters are the best pupils.—Chicago Journal.

Left. Walter (as a gentle hint)—You've forgotten something, sir. Mr. Grabbitz—Have I? You're an honest fellow. Give it to me.—N. Y. Journal.

Evidence Against Her. "I thought Mrs. Fripperson claimed to be so cultured and refined." "She does, and I have always found her to be just that kind of lady."

"Oh, you have, have you? Well, I heard her say, yesterday, that she had decided to put her little boy in pants."

That Was Easy. Old Teacher—My boy, I used to whip your father in school in my young days.

The Boy—Huh! dat's nuffin'—marn can lick him even now.—N. Y. World.



GOOD FORAGE PLANT.

The Idaho Pea Makes Not Only Excellent Stock Feed But Also a Coffee Substitute.

The Idaho pea is a wild forage plant, native of the Rocky mountain regions, and therefore a semi-arid bush of much value to agriculture. It has been cultivated to a limited extent throughout the mountain states for the past quarter of a century, yielding excellent crops of feed for horses, cattle, sheep and poultry. Some enterprising seedsmen have recently introduced the pea as a novelty, giving it various names and selling the seed at high prices as domestic or imported coffee berries. My experiments in growing this plant have been highly satisfactory and have fully demonstrated that the pea is all the most enthusiastic advertisers claim as a forage plant, stock feed and coffee substitute. The plant grows similar to alfalfa, stooping out from the roots and sending up a dozen or more branches to a height of two or three feet. Every stem is filled with leaves, branching out at intervals of about two inches and producing a pod at the base of each. An ordinary plant will produce from 200 to 1,000 pods, containing from one to three peas. The peas when shelled resemble the little white Spanish peanut, and taste like a raw bean. When nicely browned and ground as coffee the peas make an excellent beverage, having a delicious nutty flavor, and much appreciated by old coffee drinkers. I like the pea coffee better than the commercial cereal products or package coffees.

A bushel of Idaho peas weighs about 70 pounds, and an acre will produce



IDAHO PEA.

from 30 to 50 bushels. The plant is easily cultivated, requiring the same attention as potatoes to give a good yield. I planted some 20 inches apart, one pea in a place, and others one foot apart. The widest planting and least watering gave best results in the production of seed, while close planting and abundant moisture produced the best feed for stock. Every animal and fowl on the place greedily devoured the peas and would walk over all other crops to find the Idahos. Several bushels were sold as green peas, and the purchasers were delighted with the novelty. The plants have a peculiar odor that prevents insects from preying upon the seed, and a sour gum that sticks to the fingers while picking, and imparts a vinegary taste.

Idaho peas may be fed to cows and sheep while on the vine, but should be shelled and ground into meal for horses and hogs. Some farmers who have thoroughly tested the feeding qualities claim that from one to two quarts of the meal is a sufficient day's ration for a working horse or milk cow, and that hogs require even less. The peas may be drilled or sown broadcast and cut with a mower and stacked as beans. They shell out easily after being thoroughly dried, and can be winnowed or cleaned with an ordinary fanning mill. The hay is as good as alfalfa, after the peas are shelled out.—Joel Shomaker in Farm and Fireside.

HELPFUL DAIRY NOTES.

We want persistent all-year milkers. The first year tells the story.

If you have never churned granulated butter, now is the time to begin.

If the cows are "home grown" and are not gentle it is apt to be the owner's fault.

You cannot afford to have your butter machines left idle from four to six months.

It never increases the milk supply to pitch milk stools at the cows or swear at them.

If you mean to make a success of dairying this winter, believe you can and go ahead.

At the price of feed and milk this season it will not pay to feed poor cows—it never does.

Hay green in color and sweet in taste is the only quality that is fitted for a cow in milk to eat.

Watch the heifers. Don't let them form the habit of drying up early. Give them extra feed and care.

Beauty or color does not make the worth of the cow, but the amount of milk she yields and its quality measure her value.

The making of fine butter is an attractive line of work for young women. It is healthful, profitable and the profession is not overcrowded.

Perhaps one of the things needed about your place this winter is an ice-house; if so, do not wait until the crop is ripe and wasted before building the house—build it now.—Western Plowman.